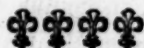


Midsummer-
M O O N:

O R,

The Livery-Man's
Complaint.

By *Tho. Thompson.*



L O N D O N,

Printed for E. Harris, 1682.

Middlebury-

M O O N

Complaint.

By Tho. Thompson.

1882

L O N D O N

Printed for E. Harris, 1882.



T H E
Livery-man's Complaint.

I Cannot hold, hot struggling Rage aspires,
And crowds my free-born Breast with noble Fires,
Whilst prudent Fools squeak Treason through the
Nose,

And whine a quivering Vote in sneaking Prose,
My Muse soars out of reach, and dares despise
What ere below attempts to tyrannize.

Though I by some base Nero should be clad
In such a Gown as the old Christians had,
In Clouds of Satyr up to Heav'n I'de roll ;
For he could burn my Shell, but not my Soul.

Though Nature ber auspicious Aid refuse,
Revenge and Anger shall inspire my Muse.

Nature has given me a complaining part,
And bleeding ENGLAND a resenting Heart.

Let creeping Play'rs, whose pliant Fancies can
~~Shrink to the Devil, and call him Gentleman,~~
 How long has Northern Air so Sovereign bin
 To purge the *PLOT*, and sanctify a Sin;
 'Tis well for *England* if at last it find
 The *Traitor's* Noxious Humours left behind,
 Which long have been fomented by the spill
 Of that old-fashion'd honest Fool *Ar---le*,
 Who lost a noble Fortune, on pretence
 Of a fond thing the *Whigs* call *Conscience*.
 His Fall, and *Thynn's*, if rightly understood,
 Were only doom'd to flesh the Hounds in Blood.
 The Way's chalkt out, tho Fear retard the Elow,
 'Tis plain that once a *R---* and ever so.
Treason's the Gangrene of a mounting Soul,
 Which, if not soon cut off, infects the whole.
 Tho Heav'n in Anger sometimes may relieve,
 Pardons still do not follow a Reprieve.
 Not fell *Charibda*, *Godwins*, and the *Ore*,
 If Fate ordain't, shall keep a Prince from shoar;
 Since he that would by *Brothers Blood* be crown'd,
 Shall (tho in Egg-shell Frigate) ne're be drown'd.
 Which stockt *Seraphia's*, and rich Grand *Viziers*,
 Th' industrious Play truck for Officers.
 In sober sadness, Sirs, how goes the Price?
 Are *Sheriffs* lately grown good Merchandize?

Sure,

Sure, Brethren, we may fear the Cause is low,
 When you for Cordials unto Turkey go;
 When nothing else the desperate Game retrieves,
 You'll chuse the City Circumcised Shrieves:
 To whom, if you would take advice from me, A
 Good Father Elliot should a Chaplain be.
 Some Musiks too you might have wasted o're,
 But that with B---ps we were stockt before,
 High rampant, swearing B---ps, tite and true,
 Brisk B---ps, who have their Seraglioes too,
 Who'll bid, ere Ghostly Godpiece find rebuke,
 Two hundred pounds a Year above a Duke,
 Who, if their Piety were open set,
 Are verier Turks than Bishop Mahomet;
 Who arm'd with Sword for Pen, and Male for
 Gown,
 With cogent Blows knock reeling Error
 down.
 Had you some Aids of Janizaries got,
 Or some bold Troops from the Timarion,
 These better would have merited Rewards,
 Than all your Ruby-nos'd and Whoring Guards;
 Who tho' to fight they could not find a Heart,
 Most nobly would discharge the blinding part.
 Then we shall get as Loyal Sheriffs, when
 The Lowly Regiments are Livery-men.
 Now

Now you by Law may freely take a Purse,
 For one upon the B--ch will vouch it, Sirs.
 Claw me, and I'll claw thee; what, he's his
 Brother!

And one Good-turn, ye know, requires another.

For that old Fox most prudently decreed,
 To get a pow'rful Friend in time of need;
 That when he *Newgate* Fate approaching sees,
 He may perswade him to refund his Fees;
 Or, if they cannot here securely trade,
 Sneak back with him, and turn a *Renegade*.

Poor *Tories*! have you none but him in store,
 Who's now bin *thumb'd* so oft he'll hold no more?
 Can you provide no better Partner than
 An Unbeliever for a Mussulman?
 Those are but mungrel *Turks* (to tell you true)
 Who love not *Christian* better than a *Jew*;
 And, if they will not take a Friend's Advice,
 Shall ne're come into *Mabomet's* Paradise.

Degenerate *London*! Slave to Mighty Pelf!
 Degenerate *London*! Stranger to thy Self.
 Are these thy Senators? thy Fathers sage?
 Sure, if they are, they dote with Gold and Age.
 There was, alas! there was a time when we
 Esteem'd our Lives below our Libertie;
 When,

When, if our dying Country we could save,
 We h'd sung on Tombs, and triumph'd on the
 Grave,

Joyfully fall'n on her beloved Face,
 And perish'd in our Mother's dear Imbrace.
 That nobler Ardour, long agon, is fled ;
 The Slaves are living, and the Heroes dead.
 We peep into the Hall, and whoop, and then,
 Fools as we went, like Fools come back agen :
 For, Shrieves, like Larks in falling Skies, we gape,
 And dance attendance on the Courtier's Ape,
 Who (poor good-natur'd Soul) can neither have
 Honesty for the Fool, nor Wit for Knave.
 He's a strange piece of Linsy-Woolsy Ware,
 Just such another thing as B---ps are.

When he on lofty ten-toes did advance,
 And through the Streets on foot-back proudly
 prance,
 Circled around by all the ragged Rout,
 Who loud Huzza's, and, *Bless your Lorship*, shout ;
 Absent from J-----s, H-----x, and all
 That in his Ears for ever buz and bawl,
 Then he his loyal Carcase did undress,
 And unto Ghostly Mother thus confess :

The

The Work is done, I ought to swear 'em too;
 But, Oh! I shall be chidden if I do.
 Some body terrifies me twice and once,
 And frights me with *Raw Head & Bloody Bones*.
 But if I'm good, he calls me *Love and Joy*,
 And tells me, *there's my dainty Golden Boy!*
 Gives me a Pipe, and Cart to tuckie in,
 And strokes my Head, & chocks me under Chin.
 And also promis'd the next time he comes,
 To bring his Pocket full of *Sugar Plumbs*.
 Nay, once in verity he past his Word,
 To make my Honourable K---veship, Lord,
 Spite of my teeth, he made me *Trewant play*,
 And to *W---Hall* Kidnap'd my *Ld* away;
 There such paw words so terribly he sed,
 As with strange Proclamations fill'd my head;
 I'll imitate great *Lucifer*, and be
 A Tynt far more absolute than he.
 Who never could a Common-Council call,
 Nor domineer like me in *Heavens Guild Hall*;
 Nor yet in the Crown Office put the Stars,
 Nor Angels prosecute for Rioters.
 Well, if at last I find the House too hot,
 And Master *J---y* needs must go to pot,
 Worst come to th' worst, it only shall be sed
 I wisely hang'd my self, to save my Head.

Thus

Thus laid on gilded Couches sinking down,
 Sleep seiz'd his Corps, & laid his empty Crown.
 Through all the tedious houres of baleful Night,
 Guilt gnaws his Soul with many a gasp'ly sp'right.
 Disloyal *Morpheus* did at first present
 The horrid Spectre of a PARLIAMENT,
 Five hundred Heads adorn its mighty Chest,
 Millions of Noble Hearts inform the Breast;
 Millions of Hands defend the Sacred Throne,
 Bravely resolv'd to make its Grave their own:
 Poor Hee at their Tribunal quivering stood,
 Guilt lockt his Veins, & Fear congeal'd his Blood;
 But what was done or said by him, or these,
 I cannot tell you till their Masters please.

The next that gave his Memory a rub,
 Were Two produc'd in City *Sweating-Tub*,
 Who that they might appear for *N--th* and *B--x*,
 Were us'd like rotten Courtiers with a *P--x*;
 Within his *Bannio* they were forc'd to stay,
 Till choak'd with heat, their Souls did melt away;
 Bequeathing him the Peoples weighty Hate,
 Sure *Omen* of a far severer Fate.

The next that discompos'd his Lordship's naps,
 Was a whole show'r of dreadful Shoulder-Claps,
 B Action

Action they still a-top of Action pack,
 Almost enough to break a Camel's Back ;
 Hundreds of thousand Pounds ! St. J--- defend us,
 Or these unconscionable *Whigs* will end us :
 So great a noise these Counter-Devils did keep,
 As fright his doughty Lordship out of sleep :
 For a Court-Journey he again provides,
 Saddles his Cane, and then gets up and rides,
 To the *Cabal* he hastily does go,
 Still crying *Westminster* and *Lambeth*, *ho*.
 What there he did, *Fanatiques* must not tell :
 But if you'd know, pray ask Sir *L----*.

Room for the Chap-faln *Mouth*, or else 'twill swear
 By all the *Aps* from Saint *Cadwallader*,
Prute's hur creat Cranfather, if hur enquire,
 And *Adam's* cranfather was *Prutus* Sire.
 Famous *ap Shenkin* was hur elder Prother,
 Some *Caledonian Sycorax* hur Mother,
 Or some *She-Deel* more damn'd than all the rest,
 At their black Feast hur lustful Sire comprest ;
 Thence this incarnate *Cacodæmon* rose,
 Whose very Face his Parents Image shows :
 His shape was all inhuman, and uncouth,
 But yet he's chiefly Devil about the *M O U T H*.

With

With care they nurs'd the Brat, for fear it shou'd
 Grow tame, and so degen'rate into good;
 With *City-Charters* him they wrapt about,
 And *Acts of Parliament* for Swadling-Clout.
 As he grew up, he won a noble Fame,
 Well worthy of the Brood from whence he came;
 Cherishing Spite, and hugging Discord fell,
 He was the best-beloved Brat of Hell.
 Oft with success this *Mighty Blast* did Bawl,
 Where lowdest Lungs and longest Swords win all;
 And still his clenched Arguments did end
 With that home-thrust, *He is not Cæsars Friend*.
 Sometimes, that jaded Ears he might release,
 Good Man! he has been *feed* to hold his Peace.
 Hear him, but never see him, and you'd swear
 He was the *Cryer*, not the *Counsellor*.
 He roars, as if he only chanc't to find
 Justice was now grown deaf as well as blind.
 This demy-Fiend, this *Hurricane* of Man,
 Must shatter *London's* Glory (*if he can?*)
 This Engineer must with his *forked Crown*
 For *Battering Ram*, beat all her Bulwarks down.
 And him our prudent Prætor *wisely* chose
 To *splutter* Law, and the dinn'd Rabble pose.
 They have a thousand Tongues, yet he can roar
 Far lower, tho they had a thousand more.

Unto long-winded Cook he scorn's to go,
 But pleads, *His M---y will have it so.*
 Counsel alone, for such a Client fit,
 As fam'd for *Honesty* as he for *Wit*.

Well, quoth Sir G. the *Whigs* may think me rude,
 Or brand me guilty of Ingratitude;
 At my Preferment they (poor Fools) may grudge,
 And think me fit for *Hangman*; more than *Judge*;
 But tho they fret, and bite their Nails, and Bawl,
 I'll slight them, and go kiss dear *Ne---y W---ll*.
Dalila is to Court return'd, and I,
 Blest with her Influence, all the World defy;
 I'm made, whilst *Sampson* wantons in her Lap:
 Such Favourites are *Wh---s*, so charming is a Clap---

But hold! what makes the gaping *Many* run?
 Is *France* defeated? or, is *Rome* undone?
 Is *P---th Nun*, or *K---* a Mother grown?
 Will conscientious *Comyn* swear for none?
 Have Poets quite forgot to smooth, and glose,
 And lead admiring Cullies by the Nose?
 Have we a War with *Monsieur*, Peace with *Spain*,
 Or, have we got a *Parliament* again?
 All in good time, when *Heav'n & Charls* shal please.
 But 'tis a Wonder greater far than these,

Were

Were not our *Shreeves* the greatest Sots alive,
 To question my L. M--s Prerogative,
 Who is (if all that *Tories* say be true)
 The wisest Lord that ever *London* knew ?
 And aided by some musty Laws, dispute
 With him that is, or would be, *Absolute*.
 Tho that's (if due to one) to One alone,
 Unless the *Hustings* could commence a Throne.
 Rave whilst they will, hee'l make the City stay ;
 Because 'tis Great and Lordly to *Delay*.
 Our Pleasure is that you no longer sit,
 But go, and meet again when We think fit.
 When *Will* and *Pleasure* could not ought prevail,
 Away he trots to tell the woful Tale.
 On Marrow-bones he sadly begs for pity ;
 Pray, Sir ! I can't be quiet for the City.
 They hunch, and punch, and hit me many a Pat,
 And throw one down, and dirt one's *Bever-Hat*.
 Th'uncomplaisant *Phanaticks* neither care
 For sage Sir J--n, nor L. nor M--r, nor M-a-r.
 Wo to the naughty Boy that's such a noddy,
 T'abuse him who says nothing to no body.
 The *Shreeves* must come, and in one live-long hour,
Presto, they'r conjur'd int'o enchanted *Tower* :
 But Four small Devils did hoist 'em on their backs ;
 Behold the Policy of H---x :

Who

Who makes the Protestants Devotion thus,
 From *Hell*, and *Hull*, and Him, deliver us.
 That Sham won't take, Sir; for what e're you do,
 We know our Strength, but know our Duty too.
 At these fine little *Tricks of State* we laugh;
 For such old *Birds* are seldom caught with Chaff.
 Yet tho whole droves of *Locusts* you provide,
 With ten and twenty Regiments beside;
 Tho they shou'd batter down our Towers & Walls
 (As once before) with *Tewxbury Mustard-Balls*;
 We've Noble Hearts dare leap into a flame,
 With a bold Traitor's Blood to quench the same,
 With parting breath curse all the Friends to *Rome*,
 And in some Temples Ruins find a Tomb.

Nor you *Familiars* shall forgotten be,
 Altho unworthy of my Verse and Me;
 You who that *Honourable Fool* command,
 And finely manage him by slight of hand,
 Billy look to't, e're Parliament come on
 Let you and Neighbour Jimmy get you gon.
 Rouse up ye *Tories* of the Factionous Age,
 Implicit Clappers to the Bawdy Stage,
 Du---b's an Als to think these mighty Men
 Would take such store of pains for Nine or Ten;
 When your dear Patrons to preferment rise,
 Moloch must have a larger Sacrifice;

Hundreds

Hundreds of *Hecatombs* shall grace his Shrine,
 Whilst you huzza in Blood instead of Wine;
 Whilst from their holes the *Wasps* Whigs you burn,
 And every Sign-post to a Gibbet turn.
 Degenerate *Albion*! ah! is this thy Son?
 This thy degenerate Off-spring *Albion*!
 Canst thou without a Cloud of Blushes see
 The Follies of thy spurious Progenie?
 Is not the Man an *Hero*, bold and brave,
 That damns his race, & dooms his Grandchild *Slave*?
 Does not our loyal Lord deserve to pass,
 For what he is indeed, a loyal ——?
 Are not our dearest Friends, the plodding *Whigs*,
 Old Dogs at Politicks and State-Intrigues,
 Who split again upon the self-same Shelves,
 And sweat to twist a Rope to hang themselves?
 One would have thought the port wherewth he goes,
 And Chain and all, enough to fright his Foes!
 'Tis true he scorns to fear, or take Affront,
 But looks as big as *Bully Rodomont*.
 For who the Valour and the Force can tell
 That waits upon the name of *COLONEL*?
 But yet to curb *Phanaticks* Discontent,
Guards must be drawn up, ready to present.
 Yet tho he's so couragious, he's so wise,
 That none but Friends know where his Valour lies.

Poor

Poor Soul-less thing! alike contemn'd and curst,
 By some Court-sneaking Devil inform'd at first,
 Under what sickly Planet wer't thou born,
 Doom'd at thy birth thy Nation's Plague & Scorn,
 Did sullen *Saturn* rule the sooty Sky,
 Or frowning *Mars* his Car run rumbling by?
 No Manlike Pow'r would then vouchsafe to sway,
 Some Woman-God usurp'd th'unlucky Day;
 Unconstant *Luna's* force did then prevail
 In close Conjunction with the *Dragon's Tail*.
 Poor Souless thing! thee cross-grain'd Nature gave,
 To make the Land a Scourge, the Court a Slave;
 Thy Country's Bane, the States-man's Wooden-Tool,
 More Fool than Knave and yet more Knave than Fool.
 Like farting *Pythia*, thou art nothing else
 But a meer Trunk to Satan's Oracles:
 Still maist thou live, but live in fear and pain,
 And live to see a PARLIAMENT again.

Ah too too happy *London*! didst thou know,
 And bless the Arm divine that made thee so,
 Planted by Heav'n in a Luxuriant Soil,
 The Paradise of all this fruitful Isle,
 With Air-invading Turrets proudly crown'd,
 VVith *Thames's* ouzey Arms begirt around
 VVith Silver *Thames*, who smoochs his Aged Face
 VVhen hastning to his Darlings dear embrace.

Bearing the Traffick of the home-spun West,
As a Love token to adorn her Breast.
On his proud neck he takes the irksome Chain,
And still rolls back to kiss her Shores again ;
Indulgent Mothers so, long tales will tell,
And give their parting Sons a long Farewell !
The gentle *Naiads* for her sight prepare,
And in their Chrystal Mirrours Curl their hair ;
Their purling streams, and bubling Rills advance,
And round the Sedges deckt with *Osiers* dance.
Their Brooks and Ponds of skaly Subjects drain,
For Presents to enrich their Sovereign ;
The stately *Nereids* with the swelling tide,
Rich Freights from all the Universe provide,
Whate're of Rarities the East can shew,
With all the glittering intrails of *Peru* ;
Cargo's of Myrrh and Frankinsence they bring,
And Pearls and Diamonds for an Offering ;
And when a Storm is rais'd, to make their Peace,
Even their own Corals and their Ambergrease :
Nor yet this Cabinet, tho' bright, had been
Admir'd, but for the nobler Gems within ;
Not all the *Indys* Charms enough can find,
To please and satisfie a Vertuous mind ;
For Wealth without our Liberties would be
But painted Chains, and gilded Slavery ;

To make her Happiness compleat and whole,
 The Gods inspir'd her with a generous Soul;
 Her Free-born Offspring still was great and brave,
 Too low for *Rebel*, but too high for *Slave*;
 Who both of *Right* and *Duty* sence did feel,
 And could Bow low, but rather burst than Kneel.
 Amongst this purer Wheat some Tares did breed,
 Some Cockle, and encroaching Darnel Seed;
 A vip'rous Brood, who smiling Poyson give,
 To those indulgent friends who made 'em live;
 Cut out for *France* or some ignobler place,
 Where Tyrants Chains are counted no disgrace:
 Nature found Stuff for men, and wrought it right,
 But Heaven denies to give a humane Sprite.
 Some sparks of fire she like *Prometheus* stole,
 And wanting better, gave a Chickens Soul;
 Or what did by late transmigration pass
 From some contented Slave, or golden A——
 These (BLEEDING LONDON) all thy Bliss destroy,
 These Stab thy Hopes, and Murder all thy Joy:
 These not content with what themselves could do,
 To please the Devil, would Damn their Neigh-
 (bours too.
 But thou (great *Charles* !) whose glorious Wain do's
 Round our Horizon, next to none but *Jove* (rove
 With

With Royal goodness hear their humble Suit,
 Who fain would love thee, if thou'dst let 'em
 I beg no favour, I expect no Bayes (do't;
 Bare truth gets Frowns, guilt Lyes have Coin and
 Could I the art of thy great Laureat win, (Praise;
 To wash a *Moor*, or blanch a blacker sin,
 Then might I nobly Swear and whore in State,
 And even bid fair for Wealth in spite of Fate;
 But tho' my thredbare Muse would fain be trying,
 Yet all, like him, have not the gift of Lying.

Oh hear thy bleeding Subjects groans and sighs,
 If not their Tongues, yet hear their flowing eyes;
 Pitty their too well grounded griefs and fears,
 Mov'd by the silent Rhetorick of their tears:
 O let the charming Devil tempt on in vain,
 Appear thy self, and break th'ignoble Chain;
 Shake the Court Ear-wiggs from thy pestered
 Shake off thy little Kings, and raigh alone, (Throne
 So maist thou see thy Flatterers fall, and see
 Those that are friends to Law are friends to thee;
 So mayst thou bring poor *England* glad Relief,
 To right her wrongs, and banish all her grief,
 'Till Crown'd with Suns and Beams of peaceful
 Attendant Angels thee to Bliss convey; (day
 Thither

Thither tho' late (late let it be) remove,
 And change this Diadem for one more bright
 May thy Surviving Image ever be, (above
 (If possible) as much belov'd as thee.
 May after-ages his great Sons admire,
 For *Englands* Darlings and the Worlds desire ;
 For Sworn Eternal foes to *France* and *Rome*,
 In a long, long Succession down to th' day of
 (Doom.

F I N I S.

